

In Recital

Aliya Ahmad, soprano

assisted by

Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano

and

Gloria Reimer, piano

Wednesday, April 16, 1997 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

From the *Mass in B Minor* (1747-49)

Quia Respexit

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685-1750)

From the *Ressurrection* (1708)

"Angel's Aria"

Georg Friedrich Handel

(1685-1759)

Verschwiegene Liebe

Hugo Wolf

Mignon (Kennst du das Land)

(1860-1903)

Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano

Pause

From *Siete canciones populares espanolas*

Jota

Nana

Polo

Manuel de Falla

(1876-1946)

Kaleidoscopio (1981)

1. Il Sole

2. Valzer Musette

3. Casetta Cantoniera

4. Pulviscolo

Violet Archer

(b. 1913)

Gloria Reimer, piano

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Ahmad.

Ms Ahmad is a recipient of the Vienna Opera Ball Society Vocal Development Grant.

There will be a reception in the Arts Lounge following the recital.

Translations

Quia Respexit - For He hath regarded

For He hath regarded the lowliness of his His hand-maiden.
Behold, from hence-forth all generations shall call me blessed.

Angel's Aria

Be unbarred, ye gates of Avernus, (rep,) and let your dismal darkness be
dispelled by the radiance of the eternal God! Be unbarred etc.
Yeild, ddread gates,(etc.)yeild to the King of Glory, for yours is the first submission to His
victorious might! Yeild, etc. Be unbarred, etc.

Verschwigene Liebe - Secret Love

Over treetops and cornfields, through the brightness, who can guess my thoughts, who can overtake
them? Thoughts go back and forth. The night is silent, thoughts are free. There's but one who can
divine, who was thinking about her. And amid the whispering of the wood, where no one is awake,
like the clouds in their flight, my love is silent and fair as the night.

Mignon (Kennst du das Land) - Do you know the Land?

Knowest thou the land, where the lemons blossom, in leafy shade the golden orange glows, a gentle
breeze from azure heaven strays, the myrtle calm and high the laurel sways, Knowest thou that land?
That land! that land! would I with you, my beloved. Do you know the house on stately columns
raised, its glittering halls, in sun-like splendour blaaze and marble statues stand and gaze on me:
What have they done poor, homeless child to you? Do you know where it is? That land! that
land! would I with you, o my protector. Do you kknow the mountain and its cloud cover? The mule
through drifting mists must feel his way through; in caves where dragons hide their aged
brood; down crash the rocks and torents all overflowed. Do you know how to get there? That land!
that land! get us there, o father, let us seek! let us seek!

Jota

They say we don't love each other because they don't see us speak; they ought to question instead
both your heart and mine. I take leave of you, of your house and your window; and though your
mother forbids it, farwell, sweetheart, till tomorrow. Though your mother forbids it...

Nana - Lullaby

Go to sleep, child, to sleep, to sleep, my dearest, go to sleep, little star of the morning. Lullaby,
lullaby, go to sleep, little star of the morning.

Polo

Ay! I nourish an ay!...I nourish a pain in my breast, and can tell no one of it! Accursed be love,
ay! and the one who professed it to me!

Kaleidoscopio

Il Sole - The Sun

I descend the hill in the sunset.

Scarlet flames, not trees, I behold; and the houses below are madly ablaze: each window, a miniature pyre (lively gnome-like glances!) and the roofs are scattered blazing red embers. My footsteps move in the sun and I feel enveloped in an amber eiderdown. The whole world is golden!

Valzer Musette - Waltz Musette

The sun does not shine in the lane but slides above on the roofs and splendidly inflames the tops of the roofs, staining with red color. Slinks on somber gables (gossamer film of gold and scarlet) odd red chimneys project dancing gestures and with envy are yawning in silent jest. The sun does not shine in the lane but slides up high and lights the ash tree at the end of the way.

Casetta Cantoniera - Roadman's Bower

She smiled at me and disappeared in an instant waving a wild salutation. Honey-suckle, petunias, sunflowers; on her little face, her eyebrows like festive vines; has been lowered a long, evanescent, ethereal veil of poplars.

Pulviscolo - Efflorescence

Whirling ballet dancers wearing yellow tutus, dash forward, dash, dash forward delirious with joy, in a close file on the floor of the attic. They dance in slippers that are feather light, light intertwining with ecstatic motion in a round dance beatific; they pause, a golden contrast to the grey stone floor. Birds applaud madly at the small open window, they have arrived for the great festival of April!